SKETCHES OF LINCOLN.

"Short and Simple Annals of the Poor."

DATE AND PLACE OF HIS BIRTH.

Interview With a Newspaper Man—Lincoln's Reference to His Mother—The Family Record—A Tragic Death—The Roving Father of the President.

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I.

Beyond the fact that he was born on the 12th day of February, 1809, in Hardin county, Ky., Mr. Lincoln usually had but little to say of himself, the lives of his parents or the history of the family before their removal to Indiana. If he mentioned the subject at all, it was with great reluctance and significant reserve. There was something about his origin he never cared to dwell upon. His nomination for the presidency in 1860, however, made the publication of his life a necessity and attracted to Springfield an army of campaign biographers and newspaper men. They met him in his office, stopped him in his walks and followed him to his house. Artists came to paint his picture and sculptors to make his bust. His auto-

graphs were in demand, and people came long distances to shake him by the hand. This sudden elevation to national prominence found Mr. Lincoln unprepared in a great measure for the unaccustomed demonstration that awaited him. While he was easy of approach and equally courteous to all, yet, as he said to me one evening after a long day of handshaking, he could not understand why people should make so much over him.

Among the earliest newspaper men to arrive in Springfield after the Chicago convention was the late J. L. Scripps of the Chicago Tribune, who proposed to prepare a history of his life. Mr. Lincoln deprecated the idea of writing even a campaign biography. "Why, Scripps," said he, "it is a great piece of folly to attempt to make anything out of me or my early life. It can all be condensed into a single sentence, and that sentence you will find in Gray's 'Elegy:'

"The short and simple annals of the poor.

"That's my life, and that's all you or any one else can make out of it."

He did, however, communicate some facts and meager incidents of his early days, and with the matter thus obtained Mr. Scripps prepared his book. Soon after the death of Lincoln I received a letter from Scripps, in which, among other things, he recalled the meeting with Lincoln and the view he took of the biography matter.

"Lincoln seemed to be painfully impressed," he wrote, "with the extreme poverty of his early surroundings and the utter absence of all romantic and heroic elements. He communicated some facts to me concerning his ancestry, which he did not wish to have published then, and which I have never spoken of or alluded to before."

What the facts referred to by Mr. Scripps were we do not know, for he died several years ago without, so far as is known, revealing them to any one.

Lincoln and His Mother.

On the subject of his ancestry and origin I only remember one time when Mr. Lincoln ever referred to it. It was about 1850, when he and I were driving in his one horse buggy to the court in Menard county, Ills. The suit we were going to try was one in which we were likely, either directly or collaterally, to touch upon the subject of hereditary traits. During the ride he spoke for the first time in my hearing of his mother, dwelling on her characteristics and mentioning or enumerating what qualities he inherited from her. He said, among other things, that she was the daughter of Lucy Hanks and a well bred but obscure Virginia farmer or planter, and he argued that from this last source came his power of analysis, his logic, his mental activity, his ambition and all the qualities that distinguished him from the other members and descendants of the Hanks family.

Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of the president, emigrated to Jefferson county, Ky., from Virginia, about 1780, and from that time forward the former state became an important one in the history of the family, for in it was destined to be born its most illustrious member. About five years before this a handful of Virginians had started across the mountains for Kentucky, and in the company, besides their historian, William Calk, whose diary recently came to light, was one Abraham Hanks. They were evidently a crowd of jolly young men bent on adventure and fun, but their sport was attended with frequent disasters. Their journey began at "Mr. Prige's tavern on the Rapidan." When only a few days out, "Hanks' dog's leg got broke." Later in the course of the journey Hanks and another companion became separated from the rest of the party and were lost in the mountains for two days.

In crossing a stream "Abraham's saddle turned over and his load all fell in Indian creek." Finally they meet their brethren from whom they have been separated and then pursue their way without further interruption. Returning emigrants whom they meet, according to the journal of Calk, "tell such news of the Indians" that certain members of the company are "afrade to go aney further." The following day more or less demoralization takes place among the members of this pioneer party when the announcement is made, as their chronicler so faithfully records it, that "Philip Drake bakes bread without washing his hands." This was an unpardonable sin, and at it they revolted. A day later the record shows that "Abram turns back." Beyond this we shall never know what became of Abraham Hanks, for no further mention of him is made in this or any other history. He may have returned to Virginia and become, for aught we know, one of the president's ancestors on the maternal side of the house; but, if so, his illustrious descendant was never able to establish the fact or trace his lineage satisfactorily beyond the first generation which preceded him. He never mentioned who his maternal grandfather was, if indeed he knew.

An Indian Tragedy.

His paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, the pioneer from Virginia, met his death within two years after his settlement in Kentucky at the hands of the Indians, "not in battle," as his distinguished grandson tells us, "but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest." The story of his death in sight of his youngest son, Thomas, then only 6 years old, is by no means a new one to the world. In fact, I have often heard the president describe the tragedy as he had inherited the story from his father. The dead pioneer had three sons, Mordecai, Josiah and Thomas, in the order named. When the father fell, Mordecai, having hastily sent Josiah to the neighboring fort after assistance, ran into the cabin, and pointing his rifle through a crack between the logs prepared for defense. Presently an Indian came stealing up to the dead father's body. Beside the latter sat the little boy Thomas. Mordecai took deliberate aim at a silver crescent which hung suspended from the Indian's breast and brought him to the ground. Josiah returned from the fort with the desired relief, and the savages were easily dispersed, leaving behind one dead and one wounded.

The tragic death of his father filled Mordecai with an intense hatred of the Indians, a feeling from which he never recovered. It was ever with him like an avenging spirit. From Jefferson county he removed to Grayson, where he spent the remainder of his days.

Lincoln's Father.

In Thomas, roving and shiftless, to whom was "reserved the honor of an illustrious paternity," are we alone interested. He was, we are told, 5 feet 10 inches high, weighed 195 pounds, had a well rounded face, dark hazel eyes, coarse black hair and was slightly stoop shouldered. His build was so compact that Dennis Hanks used to say he could not find the point of separation between his ribs. He was proverbially slow of movement, mentally and physically, was careless, inert and dull, was sinewy and gifted with great strength, was inoffensively quiet and peaceable, but when roused to resistance a dangerous antagonist. He had a liking for jokes and stories, which was one of the few traits he transmitted to his illustrious son, was fond of the chase and had no marked aversion for the bottle, though in the latter case he indulged no more freely than the average Kentuckian of his day.

At the time of his marriage to Nancy Hanks he could neither read nor write, but his wife, who was gifted with more education and was otherwise his mental superior, taught him, it is said, to write his name and to read—at least he was able in later years to spell his way slowly through the Bible. In his religious belief he first affiliated with the Free Will Baptists. After his removal to Indiana he changed his adherence to the Presbyterians—or Predestinarians, as they were then called—and later united with the Christian—vulgarly called Campbellite—church, in which latter faith he is supposed to have died. He was a carpenter by trade and essayed farming, too, but in this, as in almost every other undertaknig, he was singularly unsuccessful. He was placed in possession of several tracts of land at different times in his life, but was never able to pay for a single one of them. The farm on which he died was one his son purchased, providing a life estate therein for him and his wife. He never fell in with the routine of labor; was what some people would call unfortunate or unlucky in all his business ventures—if in reality he ever made one—and died near the village of Farmington in Coles county, Ills., on the 17th day of January, 1851.

His son, on account of sickness in his own family, was unable to be present at his father's bedside or witness his death. To those who notified him of his probable demise he wrote: "I sincerely hope that father may yet recover his health, but at all events tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow and numbers the hairs of our heads, and he will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in him. Say to him that if we could meet now it is doubtful whether it would not be more painful than pleasant, but that if it be his lot to go now he will soon have a joyous meeting with many loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope ere long to join them."

BEULAH LAND.

We're getting on in years, Jane, we two who started out
So bravely on life's journey, when the world was blithe and gay;
I can hardly tell, my darling, how the thing has come bout,
But I find myself beginning to live in yesterday.

There's a bald spot on my head, Jane, and the frost is sifting down
White as drifting snow of winter on the fringe above my brow,
And your bonny locks are silver that were once a golden brown,
Yet you never were so queenly, Jane, so beautiful as now

But "Hurry up, old lady," the car conductors say—
"Step lively, please, old gentleman!" and young folks offer seats,
And we discover in ourselves, when treated in this way,
A cold and haughty anger, or quick resentful heats

Then we've learned to love a corner by the chimney's blaze at night;
We are not always ready for the sleighing or the ice,
That used to call us often forth, our faces smiling bright,
When mirth and frolic made for youth the flavor and the spice

And we've caught the trick of looking with a half-respectful awe
At the judges and the doctors whom we used to know in kilts;
And we blush at the admission, but our youngest's word is law—
She has but to nod her meaning, and our own opinion wilts.

Then the small grandchildren rule us; pray do not deny it, Jane;
We would spoil them with indulgence if they lived beneath our roof.
When the question is of saying no, the little ones to train,
We, once so sternly resolute, just weakly stand aloof.

Yes, we're getting on in years, Jane, but I like it very well,
This broad and pleasant upland to which our steps have climbed;
'Tis a restful Beulah country where delightful people dwell,
And the hour of our arrival has been very sweetly timed.

Here we taste the fruits we planted in the morning's bustling haste;
Here we sit awhile at leisure, and make friends with young and old;
Here we read and talk and ponder, by no fiend of worry chased,
And behind us lies the dusty road, before us evening's gold.

—Harper's Bazar.

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.

BY POLLY KING.

The first going away from home is a tremendous event in a girl's life; and Marion Leslie's existence had been so narrowly bounded by the half-asleep southern town where her father had his parish that when she realized that she was really going away from home, that she was going to see New York and take part in the wonderful city life, it seemed to her as momentous a step as going to India or the antipodes.

There was a large family of children packed into the low rooms of the rectory, and Marion, as the eldest, had had her hands always too full to give much thought to dreams. If now and then she had longed to see a little more of the world, there was always some little brother to be amused or some mending to do, and with her hands occupied her thoughts would soon come back to a normal channel.

Mrs. Leslie, who was a northern woman, had kept in touch with several of the friends of her girlhood by monthly letters, the answers to which were one of the events of the quiet rectory life. Perhaps the most delightful of these correspndents was a Mrs. Harkness, a woman who had married a rich New York merchant, and who had a daughter about Marion's own age. Her letters were looked forward to; and you can fancy the excitement that reigned in Marion's mind when her mother told her that Mrs. Harkness had written for her to come to New York and pay a two months' visit.

Marion's first feeling was too tumultuous to be described; her second was that she must not think of going, that the expense of the journey was far too great, and that she could not leave her mother with the care of all the children. Mrs. Leslie, however, soon showed her that this feeling was a very wrong one, rising from over-conscientiousness; and the rectory was soon in a great whirl of cutting, sewing and planning for Marion's modest wardrobe. Everything was finally finished, neat half-dozens of white garments, a tailor-made dress, some pretty morning frocks, and best of all, one evening dress—the pale pink silk in which Mrs. Leslie had been married years before, and which she had put away lovingly, thinking to keep it to show her children and her grandchildren. She felt that Marion must have an evening dress, and she brought out the wedding dress and spoke of refashioning it so calmly that Marion could only guess at the sacrifice that her mother was making for her. There was an abundance of silk in the full old-fashioned skirt to make a very modish gown according to modern styles, and, with the aid of the fashion papers, which occasionally found their way to the rectory, they made a very charming evening gown; very simple, it is true, but it fitted well and hung well, and the bertha of old lace about the shoulders would have carried off a much worse gown and adorned a much plainer face than Marion's.

Mrs. Leslie was more worried about the details of Marion's toilet than her daughter, who was yet in ignorance of the enormous value of shoes, gloves, handkerchiefs and fans in a well-dressed woman's outfit. One of the family treasures was a little ivory fan, painted a la Watteau, which had belonged to some long dead southern beauty. This priceless treasure was added to the girl's scant collection of adornings. The question of a pair of evening slippers seemed to be the only one which it was impossible to solve adequately. There was a pair of beautiful little bronze slippers in a shop in the town, but they were five dollars, and the rector's narrow purse had been stretched to the furthest extent; it seemed as though Marion's journey would have to be given up, when an idea struck the girl's mind; she said nothing to anyone for fear of being unable to carry out her plan. Every spare moment she could get she would run off to her room and work away at a mysterious something which was wrapped carefully in a white towel; after many discouragements and failures she finally appeared before her mother holding in her hand the daintiest pair of little pink silk shoes; she had taken an old pair of slippers and had covered them with scraps of silk like her dress; the toes were ornamented with big pink bows and a pair of old paste buckles. In fact, they were as pretty and dainty a pair of shoes as a girl could desire; and if they did show on close inspection traces of their home manufacture—as Marion and her mother agreed—who was going to inspect them?

We will pass over Marion's arrival in New York and the warm welcome which Mrs. Harkness gave her. Marion was too well-bred to feel out of place in the beautiful city house, although there was much that excited her admiration and surprise. In a few days she felt thoroughly at home, and she seemed to have so many thoughts and tastes in common with Mary Harkness that the two girls bid fair to establish a friendship which would rival their mothers'.

The dictator of New York society was once heard to say that if a girl was sufficiently beautiful and had the proper people to introduce her, she might go triumphantly through the season, an acknowledged belle, though she had not a penny of her own and but one evening gown to her back; and he cited in support of his theory several notable ladies, now millionairesses and members of titled English families, who in their girlhood days could heighten their charms with little more than one black lace dress of genteel poverty.

Marion's rich, statuesque beauty, her freshness and her perfect simplicity made her a favorite at once; and although her appearance at the horse show was scarcely greeted by that storm of applause with which the popular novelist is wont to announce the appearance of his heroine as a reigning beauty, she did not pass unnoticed. As the winter festivities advanced Marion felt that she was living in a perfect whirl of gayety, and the rectory at home was kept on the *qui vive* of excitement over long letters concerning her wonderful doings. Yet to many a New York girl Mary and Marion would have scarcely been going out at all; for Mrs. Harkness was a judicious woman, and would not allow them to undertake six or seven engagements, as so many girls do all through the winter. Then there were district visiting and sewing classes and other things to be done during the morning, so that Marion in many ways was quite as busy with doing for others as though she were still at home.

When her visit was about half over Mrs. Harkness' only son Jack came back from a trip abroad. Although never much of a society man he did not seem averse to sharing the girls pleasures. The night of the first Patriarchs' ball came, to both of the girls an important one, as being their first ball. Mrs. Harkness, with ready kindness, was anxious to provide Marion with a beautiful new toilet as handsome as her own daughter's; but it had been Mrs. Leslie's one stipulation that Marion should accept nothing more than the love and kindness that made her visit so delightful.

There was a pang, such a pang in Marion's heart when she saw Mary's beautiful tulle dress; her own silk seemed old and shabby, and the little pink shoes she had been so proud of at home seemed shapeless and ugly beside the tiny white ones that her friend wore. She stifled her covetous longings very quickly, however, and took herself well to task for finding one thing amiss when she had so much; and by the time they reached Sherry's she had quite forgotten all her bad feelings, and her face was bright with anticipation of the pleasure before her.

When the Harkness party entered the ballroom Marion was observed from every side; there were plenty of tulle dresses and plenty of pretty girls there, but Marion's beauty was of such a remarkable style and was so heightened by the rich simplicity of her gown that she soon found herself surrounded by a court of admirers, and, indeed, had the greatest difficulty in saving the two dances which she had promised Jack Harkness.

How late it was in the morning before they returned home I will not say—city people keep very strange hours; and Marion was terribly shocked to find how late—or shall I say, how early—it was. It took her some time to get over her excitement sufficiently to go to sleep, and it seemed as though she had scarcely closed her eyes when she awoke to find the sunshine streaming into her room and Mrs. Harkness standing beside her bed. She folded Marion tenderly in her motherly arms; there was something so gentle in her voice that the girl felt at once that something was wrong.

We will draw a veil over the next few minutes—the saddest and most terrible of the girl's life. A telegram had come the evening before while they were at the ball and had lain unnoticed on the table until the morning—Mr. Leslie had had a shock of paralysis. Everything that kindness could do was done to hasten Marion's departure for home, and to save her every anxiety and strain. She scarcely remembered her parting with her kind friends—home, home, home, was her one thought, that she might reach there in time to be with her mother before the end came, if such should be the termination of her father sickness.

Her prayers were heard; Mr. Leslie lingered for several days, and Marion was the stay and prop of the afflicted family. When the last sad rites were over, she took entire charge of the little brothers and sisters that her mother might have rest to recover herself. What was to become of the family she could not see. Of course the rectory passed into other hands, and Mr. Leslie's life insurance would barely put bread into their mouths. Marion felt that she must go out into the world and work, and she was too sensible not to know that in these days of skilled female labor it would be difficult for her to get any employment. She wrote to Mrs. Harkness and awaited her answer impatiently. The northern mail came in, there was no letter for her; she wondered if even those kind friends had forgotten her. The day was rainy and dreary. If her hands had not been so full she would have lost courage; but all the children had to be kept in the house, and with an aching heart she had to devise some means to keep them quiet and content. The children were finally happily settled in the attic at a wonderful new game which Marion had invented on the spur of the moment. She was seated in the midst of the noisy group when she heard the front doorbell ring. She went down just as she was, carrying her little two-year-old brother, who had fallen asleep, in her arms.

Jack Harkness came toward her as she entered the bare, low parlor. He had seen her last with the radiant beauty of a belle, glowing in the excitement of her first ball; now she was wan and hollow-eyed, her shabby black gown intensified her pallor, she stooped under the weight of the heavy child; and yet to him she was many times more beautiful than she had ever seemed before.

"I have come to answer mother's letter," he said.

Months after, when Marion was again in New York, not this time as a guest, but as the young mistress of the beautiful home that Jack Harkness had prepared for her, she was very much surprised to find, tucked in among her husband's collars and neckties, a pink silk shoe. She looked at it—surely it was one of the shoes she had worn at the Patriarchs' ball, that she had made with her own hands to match her dress. Her husband entered the room; she held it out to him inquiringly.

"I stole it, dear," he said. "Like Cinderella, you flew away suddenly and left one of your shoes behind you."

"And the prince found it," she said.

"No, I stole it. They were lying on Mary's table, and I happened to pick it up, thinking that they were hers; then I noticed the little stitches and how neatly the lining was pasted in; it seemed marvelous to me that a girl should be able to make such a thing herself; for of course I knew you had made them yourself—no one else could possibly be so clever; and I just put one of them in my pocket. Of course I'd been dreadfully in love with you from the very, very first, but I'd never quite realized what it was until then; and then I knew that if I went all over the world and saw all the most beautiful and wonderful women, there would be only one woman in the world for me—the one that that little shoe fitted."—N. Y. Independent.

AN UGLY GIRL.

The Amusing Experience of an Evening in Society.

My chaperon took the first opportunity to shift me off on the hands of the hostess, who, in turn, adroitly switched me off into a corner where three middle-aged spinsters and a country cousin that had arrived inopportunely that very day had been side-tracked for the evening. It is the crowning glory of the woman of tact to bring congenial people together, and she has a marvelous faculty for detecting affinities among people who are inconvenient to her, and assorting them accordingly.

Having disposed of me so satisfactorily, the hostess left me for an hour or two in the enjoyment of the congenial society which she had provided for me, and then reappeared marshaling an unhappy youth, who proceeded to invite me to dance with such a palpable air of obeying orders that I should have declined incontinently, if sheer desperation had not driven me to "fly to ills that I knew not of."

My partner, having conscientiously performed his duty by whirling me a few times around the room, deposited me on the first vacant chair he could find, and, under cover of another engagement, made good his retreat. The seat next to mine happened to be occupied by an antiquated coxcomb, who, having assisted at the launching of successive generations of debutantes without ever getting himself fairly afloat on the great matrimonial sea, had finally anchored close to shore, where he did good service as a sort of life-boat to matrons and maidens about to be left behind in the social swim—a rather slow sailing old hulk, it is true, but not to be despised in an emergency.

I was just considering whether it was incumbent upon me to salute this ancient relic when the little old gentleman turned to me with a look of conscious benevolence, as if bestowing an alms, and gravely inquired how I was enjoying myself. I had been too well brought up not to know that it is a girl's duty always to be radiantly happy in company, and so I tried to look as blissful as if I hadn't just overheard the hostess trying to bully her bachelor brother into taking me in to supper, and replied, heroically, that I had never spent a more delightful evening.—Chautauquan